Huskerdust TF/TG
Story by MrsAnthropologist

PART 2 is a slightly adapted version of an RP performed by my partner Artemis and myself. It inspired the rest of this story, which I ended up writing to go with it. Enjoy! <3

Narration may speak like this, aligned at the centre.

Anthie may speak or narrate like this, aligned to the left.
Husk, the bartender may speak or narrate like this, aligned to the left.

Artemis may speak or narrate like this, aligned to the right.
Angel Dust may speak or narrate like this, aligned to the right.

PART 1:

Maladaptive light filled an empty bar. The room stood quiet and still, a weight propping the door open, expecting company. A myriad of drinks, bottles, cans, bigger bottles, and smaller cans filled the glass shelves. Illuminated by a strong lavender light. Sitting to the side was a large container, the outside reflective and shiny, pushing light back into the room, the inside was filled with ice. Pots for every garnish you could think of lined the back of the bar, underneath the apothecary of tasteful poison, flowers, berries, slices of oranges. An ensemble of seats lined the marble-looking bar. Some were fashioned with fancied, patina-trodden leather. Others seemed to have been carved with old, now-splintered wood.

Distant, echoing music swept through the musty air, static swelling through muffled speakers. An aesthetic dryness brimming at each nook and corner of the room. A slightly chilly draft slithered through the open doorframe, the desolate space becoming more and more confusing, where *was* everybody?

“So… Um, fun place?”

“It’s uhh, quiet! Which is nice! I mean, even if a *little* strange for a Friday.”

“Yeah, that’s true.”

Artemis and Anthie sat at the front of the bar, each claiming a stool. Both of their backs faced the wall of drinks, their faces spying the still-open door. Strips of LEDs showered lights onto them both. Conversation slowly sipped the cold away.

“Did you just break us into a closed pub?”

“Maybe? The door’s open, if you’re shut then why would you put a stool in front of it to *keep* it open.”

“British customs?”

“Wouldn’t be surprised!”

Despite the chatter, the space behind the bar remained vacant. Only the dim lights from a series of drinks’ fridges keeping it illuminated. A small pool of something spilt collected against the rough floor. The whirring noise from the draft machines created a soft, gentle buzz that vibrated through the bartop. The tune in the background almost swooned with something vapid, horns careening off into the void, like the dither and wither of a Caretaker track.

“Maybe they’ve gone out to… find their customers?”

“Or they’ve just abandoned it?”

“Sick! Free bar.”

“Free bar!”

“Hell yeah! While we’re at it we can add a section for pizza or something.”

“Theo’s Pizza!”

Anthie kicked the side of the bar, a small churning noise sounding from one of the machines as the humming noise dimmed slightly. A small streak of fairy lights curling across a row of drinks, light swirling and reflecting through the inside of each bottle, tiny bubbles collecting at the top of each. Sliding from her stool, Anthie hopped over the bar, and behind it.

“I ain’t gonna let an empty bar ruin anything! Besides, I’m somewhat of an amateur mixologist myself.”

“Uh huh. And you’ve got a few cocktail recipes memorised I’m sure?”

“Yeah! Just gotta find the absinthe first, or the lemonade. Same thing basically.”

Artemis turned to face the bar, placing their arms on the top as they spoke across to Anthie, watching as she clicked buttons while pretending to know what each one did. Tracing a circle on the countertop with their finger, they spied Anthie’s side of the bar. No bubbles, or any sign of dampness, not a drop of brandy spilled over the counter, or the sight of a ring of condensation against the aged wood.

“What about that stuff? Looks cool enough.”

They pointed to the back of one of the shelves, curiously poking at the air, pointing at a large, inornate yet immanent black bottle, dubbed with the moniker of a gold-lettered red banner, and what looked to be a flower on the front.

“Ooh!”

Picking up, Anthie examined it closely, feeling the weight shift in her hand as the thick solution inside swirled gently inside the thick, murk coloured glass.

“Irish Cream? Whiskey mixed with cream and something else probably.”

“Ooh! Booze milkshake.”

“True! Had it once, it’s a little bit strong.”

“Says the person who gets tipsy off a single bottle of cider. Literal apple juice.”

“Okaaay alcie, ‘booze milkshake’ coming up then!”

Anthie placed the bottle at the centre of the bar, turning around again to fish for something to couple it with. Turning over a sea of different tipples, port, wine, whiskey, champagne, beer. And a few bottles of supermarket lemonade, prime for mixing. The sink underneath the bar was empty, the basket of ice was filled, a small stream of water pooling down and onto the tiled floor. Artie circled the wood of the table with their finger, sliding it across as they felt the wood taper. They watched her rummage through the shelves, until she spoke again, peeking out from behind a bottle of something.

“So… did you try for that barista job?”

“Uhh, huh?”

“The one across from the spoons’ I think? Kinda nook-ish vibe.”

“Oh! I uh, don’t think I did. Seems like a pretty nice place to work though, think.”

“Yeah! I think you’d be good at it.”

“I’d want to! But like, being a barista sounds really tough. Having to take orders, talking to customers, the whole putting yourself out there thing. I’d be pretty good at the mixing though!”

“You’d be ‘pretty good’ at anything if you actually let yourself do it!”

“Yeaaah, but. I’d probably end up forgetting what the customer’s saying, and I’d just melt into the floor out of pure nervousness.”

Artemis chuckled to themselves as they spoke, sitting up in their seat, propping an elbow onto the bar as they leaned over slightly, comfortably. As little excerpts of music continued to trail off into the great empty distance of the bar, as if lost at sea. Amidst their rippling pool of thought, Anthie finally picked a bottle, resting it in her palms. Inside was a sweet, sultry red liquor, crimson as it almost glowed from the crystalline glass. The stopper was a block-like square at the top, golden letters calling the name of the bottler. Labelling it was the faint, faux parchment of an aged paper, sparkling, fervently shimmering amaretto.

“Wow, looks expensive!”

“It is, I think? I’m sure a tenner’s enough to cover a single shot, probably.”

Gently, she settled the bottle next to the Irish cream, slowly parsing a shot glass from behind her. The glass was a smooth, frosted pink, bright and alluring in its soft tone, the colour seemed to bounce and ripple in the light, the gentle pink souring slightly into a meek, cheshire cat yellow. A heart swirled on the front, like a lick of paint that’d set itself permanently into the mold, an affectionate footprint in concrete.

“Try not to spill any at least.”

“I’ll try! Keyword ‘try.’”

“Sure you will!”

“Yep, I should have you doing this! Mx. Artemis the Barista~”

Anthie smirked, rolling her ‘r’ as she carefully unscrewed the irish cream. Almost knocking over the amaretto in the process…

“Need any help? *Especially* from Mx. Artemis the Barista?~”

“... I’m trying!”

“Uh huh!”

Just as the tip of the bottle seemed to hover over the glass, Anthie paused in sudden, spontaneous thought, suddenly slipped underneath the door into her mind.

“Wait, I think I’m meant to put the red stuff in first.”

She gently put the cream to the side, not before taking a swig of what little she’d accidentally poured first. Making a slight face as the flavour hit the back of her throat.

“Ooh? Someone’s getting fancy with it.”

“You’ve gotta like, float the cream on top with a bar spoon or something like that.”

“Do you like, know what you’re making? Just wondering! I’m still open to a bottle of Soju, just so you know.”

“Yeah! But that’s boring.”

Flipping the stopper off from the bottle, Anthie carefully poured a sneeze of blood red amaretto into the shot, brimming where the concave curve came to acquiesce with the rest of the glass. A sweet, almond aroma filling the air.

Without as much as a murmur, Artemis watched from across the bar as the liquor came to settle, watching Anthie procure a spoon, *carefully* pouring the irish cream on top of it, so as it came to pour onto the liquor, it'd just gently float. Her expression seemed to temper, as she carefully pulled the bottle away, until it seemed to soften.

"Damn? That looks great."

"Not yet! Gimme a sec-"

Shaking a canister, Anthie quickly, but carefully added a dab of whipped cream to the top of the shot, completing it! Amaretto, irish cream, and a smattering of whipped cream, served in a pretty pink shot glass! The concoction inside was vivid, segregated but still swirling against the swooping heart on the front.

"Oh! Booze milkshake."

"Booze milkshake!"

"Hmm… Booze milk-shot?"

"Heh, yeah! I'm sure there's a name for it, but I can't quite put my finger on it."

"This looks interesting, beats Soju for creativity at least. That and the glass looks pretty, which is a fun bonus."

"If it sucks I can just get you some, there's a couple in the fridge thing here. And besides! If I'm serving you shots in an empty bar, then when are *you* gonna serve me fancy lattes in a cafe?"

"Maybe? I'd have to actually uh, put myself out there first."

"I think you'd do really great, just saying."

"Hmm… maybe when I'm not completely terrified at the thought of being at the centre of attention? Then I'll make tons of fancy lattes!"

The pair laughed softly as Artemis cupped the shot in their hands, raising it to their lips as they took a small sip.

"Ooh! That's not that bad actually."

“Pretty sure you’re meant to drink it all in one go, you’re just tasting the whipped cream and the irish cream underneath.”

The heart on the glass seemed to pulse slightly, brightening to a dim, almost invisible light that speckled amidst the crystal glass.

“Hmm…”

Artemis knocked back the rest of the shot, holding it up and over their head as they gulped the whole thing, slamming the shot glass upside down on the table, like they were a protagonist in some sort of urban Western. Their face scrunched up as the flavour hit their senses, burning gently at the back of their throat.

“Is it any good?”

A crackle of feverish, bright pink light seemed to seep from the glass, a vehement pulse that started to tear through the light, reflecting amidst the damp glass. A bubble of pink stained the air, brushing against Artemis’ fingertips slightly as their skin started to take on a faint, sugary pink. Slow and careful, outlining the shot as it reached to cover their hand entirely, a warm, trepidationless feeling washed over them, like deja vu. The centres of their irises started to pulse rhythmically with their heartbeat. A wave of unknown warmth washed over them, like a playful push as the alcohol kicked in. Surely they were a little heavier than this? They twisted the buttons of their jacket, murmuring slightly.

Thoughts pooled mysteriously in steep corners of their wonder, as a venom, pink and pretty, slipped deeply, and swiftly into their mind.

“Hmm, yeah! It’s pretty good, tastes sweet with a fun kick. Could I get anotha?”

A strange feeling tapped my hand, I looked down, but it was nothing. Just a little trick of the light I assume, it can’t have been much else…

“Ooh! Like another shot?”

“Mhm! If you wanna~...”

“Yep, I’ll pour another!”

Devilishly, a new intonation started to coat their words, decanting their speech with a thick shimmer coating each letter, nasal and urban. A swirling circle of magenta seemed to dot their pupils, like colour contacts. Like digital dither, the bubble of pink continued to swell, modest in size. Artemis’ fingertips felt as if they were coated in a

snug, thickening embrace. Worn affection that'd come to perform in that same hue of searing pink. A gleam coating the colour's, the unmistakable shine of a designer's latex, fashion that emerged from underneath their skin, weaved amidst the cowardice of a human epidermis. Shining rubber coated their hand, crawling past their wrist gently, though gently coming to a plateau, the bubble swished around Artemis' wrist like a bracelet, a fancy accessory. An invisible, prodding touch seemed to tap at their mind, holding them dramatically unaware, gently swirling their index at the rim of the glass, as a flicker of blushing lavender light orbited their glasses.

I shifted slightly in my seat, feeling the glass against my hand as I peered over the bar, watching as Anthie went to grab another glass. Another glass?

"Oh, you can just refill this one! If ya want. I don't mind."

"Hm? Oh, right! Saves doing extra dishes anyway…"

She picks up the irish cream in one hand, cupping the amaretto and the whipped cream in her other arm as she makes her way back over, practically flipping the top from the crimson as she poured it *right* out into the glass. Funnily enough, she didn't notice any of the light, simply lost within her work.

Since when did *she* give a rat's ass about pouring the damn drink correctly? I 'ardly remember a steady hand anywhere near anything I've drank in this place. Always a grump, I could *always* see those lil' spots a' tenderness hiding underneath.

Carefully, Anthie topped up Artie's glass, a mildly surprised look colouring her face as she eyed their newly smug expression. Conviction struck like a burning match. Flaring as a fiery, confident crack of the whip. Former thoughts becoming bubbled, sweetly fermented.

Though curiously, not by the booze.

What good sinner goes about as a damn lightweight? Artemis knew *much* better than that! A sweet, sugary disposition was what they needed, what their *adoring* fans needed! The light tanginess of the shot only served to remind them of that.

"Here, hun!"

She gently slid it over to them. Her third iris blinked impenetrably.

"Ey, thanks~! You're a *doll*, Anthie~..."

They gripped the shot with their glove, an eyebrow raising as they noticed her shift in look, her countenance becoming puzzled and inquisitive. Wondering if their glove

was real, or if it was just a strange, strange trick of the light. Artemis practically threw the shot over their shoulders, quickly slamming the whole of it down with a poise that could've shocked, an electric cadence to their movement.

With a thunderous, silent snap, the bubble that cupped their wrist seemed to split, bursting with a subtle tooning as it hovered, deeply invisible to Anthie as Artie continued to fall into the illusion. Rouge, speckled light cupped their other wrist, coaxing their second glove into formation, smooth, silky latex that fit in stark opposition to their humanity.

A bead of sweat trickled down their forehead, as the back of their palm met their brow. Light blush started to cover their face, cheeks blooming with ambient pink. Both gloves brightly bound themselves to Artemis' arms, thick, *permanent* fleshcloth. Their former sleeves simply melted away into nothing, tucked away and fused into more of that smooth, near-satiny glove. Petal-like accents coated their ends, bleached white against the dull, milky pink that was slowly assimilating their jacket's upper sleeves, letting them puff up with a doting touch.

Anthie cocked her head at the sight of her friend, the sight was semi-impressive. Hearing their typically meek voice snarl with such a lustrous, sultry temper felt uniquely impossible. Her third iris darted around in a silent panic. Watching what Anthie's own eyes couldn't see, yet.

"And that's damn amazing! You're like a fuckin' artist~…"

"Damn! Err, Thanks? Have you had this before? Or…"

Bemused, she eyed them again, polishing their shot glass as she prised it gently out of their weary hand. Watching as Artie splayed themselves across the bartop was a strange sight in of itself. They weren't the lightest weight of all time; putting away a few bottles of soju wouldn't even make then flinch. It wasn't the booze at least, something else was at work. Though the way Artemis cradled the glass didn't seem to stifle the notion.

Non-chalantly, they leant back on their stool.

"Nah' I don't think so! It's still pretty great, toots. Aaaalmost as sweet as ya!"

"Uh, are you like, drunk or anything?"

"Uhhh, nop! Whadda bout' you? You're lookin' a lil' nervous there, *Anthie*."

Smooth glow careened across the exclamation across Artemis' t-shirt, the graphic warping as light corrupted it, letting the shape wrap and twist around itself, emerging

from the thin white fabric. Soon resolved, the crux of reality no longer seemed to apply, as the printed image of the symbol had coiled itself around Artemis' neck like a sultry, snarking viper.

The now-meager, faded red had renewed into a bright, glowing pink, proudly dotting the centre of its owner's new bowtie. Their shirt was now a still blank, as a dark, almost unreal bowtie flapped above their chest. The glow ambled on, gently assimilating the dark shoulders of their jacket, light gleaming like pollen, satin spores. The tie itself proudly pointed out as if in bloom. Relaxed, Artemis pinched the fingers of their gloves at the sides, fixing it.

Anthie only saw them grabbing at thin air.

"Eh! I guess I'm just a little surprised is all."

"Uh huh!"

Shoulders shuffled slightly, as the thick beige of their collar seemed to descend upon their throat, moulding softly into their skin, as tufts of white fur slowly grew in. A sleek choker wrapped itself above their bowtie, a soft leather. Artie's jacket seemed to pull away, the neck retracting as the tough textile faded to bright, washed out pink. The navy collar on their shirt thickened into the same blushing black of their bowtie, peeling slightly to reveal their chest, as the rest of the garment bound itself to their jacket. The simple gruff of the black of fabric gave way to a shimmering dichotomy of colour. A bright yet faded pink, and an impermeable yet sooty white.

"Whaddya think's so surprisin'?"

Artemis stirred, shifting in their seat as the prickling feeling overcame them.

"You're not usually this, talkative?"

She paused.

"Not that that's a bad thing! It's kind of nice honestly, hun."

"Awww, thanks."

Fitting the shape of their brand new blazer, Artemis felt their shoulders draw in, their figure tightening as they slowly slid into their new outfit, striped in its perfect colours. More of that same, soft pink coloured across their shoulders, reaching across their sleeves and seeping underneath their warmer gloves. Soft, impossibly soft fur continued to spread underneath their clothes, fluff that starkly brushed against their fairer skin, fluffing up as thickening mass underneath their sleeves.

“You’re usually *more* talkative though! You’ve been a lil’ quiet.”

A wide gaping of revealed skin crossed the centre of their chest, revealing and alluring. Rimmed by the straight etched lapel that’d remained of their former jacket, though now dyed in that warm, heated hue of black. Snowy fluff peeked from underneath the fabric, creeping up as it bloomed into a heavyweight that completely enveloped their chest, a thick bust of fluff that bounced out, only continuing to thicken, pillowing into a pair of faux-breasts that clung effeminately to their chest, pushing and pressing underneath their clothes.

“True! Been uh, caught up in the whole mixology thing.”

“That’s fine! I could try and whip somethin’ up for ya, love.”

“Ooh, that’d be nice!”

A heart shaped swirl of pink fluff took root within the centre, matched perfectly with the shoulders of their blazer. Their lip curled, a smug expression colouring their face as they tossed their new fluff upwards, letting it bounce softly, gently pressing against the lapel's edges. Gloves sinking into warm, soft fluff. Feeling the sensation ripple through their mind, fleeting and uniquely euphoric. Artemis embodied this feeling, a surprising antithesis to a supposed emasculation. *He* felt it ripple throughout his body, bold and warm, thorough as it tingled at the edges of his fur. Gently exploring each facet of this newly wonderful feeling, feeling and gripping his fluff.

Hot, *effortlessly* gorgeous chest fluff.

“Hehe~”

Anthie eyed them chiefly, smirking slightly as she took the glass in her hand.

“Having fun?”

“Wh- uh, yeah!”

Snickering, they placed their hands at their sides, their gaze bouncing up and down, as they daisically preened their body with their eyes. Looking over every new detail. Viewing themselves through a pink, sparklingly myopic lens.

Fur covered their face, enveloping their head in a lavish mop of fluff, warm as their cheeks grew plump with fur. Artie’s face rounding out as a wide streak of hair angled up and backwards across their head, creating the impression of hair growing from hair, styled immaculately. Light pink spots dotted themselves across their fur,

patterned as their fur continued to bloom out promiscuously, each strand blushing with a personal warmth. Cerise-pink coiled their pupils, shifting the colour as a heterochromic dichotomy ensnared their sclera. The right adopting a pale, sour yellow, and the right becoming a brooding black. Eyelashes puffed up illustriously, colour extending upwards and swooning across their eyebrows, as tiny arachnid eyes widened their vision. Popping up and colouring their sight vividly, corrupting their view, blurring it into a murky, pink-tinted fog. Freckles peeking through their fluff.

A golden fang poked at *his* lips, his teeth becoming sharp and pointed, menacing yet playfully tender nevertheless. His face gently caked with a smattering of colour, like makeup, soaked and washed until he poached the meaning of glamour, becoming and embodying it entirely. Hands gently caressing and groping again, arms moving gracefully, as a second pair unfolded from his sides. He stretched them, gently angling and flexing them, posed as if he'd always had them, and he *had* always had them, hadn't he?

Boots. Thigh-high boots climbed up his legs, thickening toughly from the before-tattered remnants of his former self's sneakers, warped and squeezing outwards from the pressure of his growing height, still pressing and shifting at his spine. Boots continued to work their way up his legs, gently squeezing and shifting the mass underneath as the stitching coiled around his thighs. A thick bulge tucked underneath his new mini-skirt, doubling with each frivolous feel, rubbing against his new self, gently squeezing his sides as his manhood twitched underneath. A confident, debauched disposition mounted his mind, wrangling his thoughts, topping his memories into a fond submission. His mind flickering with a throbbing, twisting feeling that roused every part of him, electrifying as this seemingly fictitious body knighted him, lathering him in its effeminate beauty.

The veil of hellish aesthetic soon seemed to recede, dousing his body in a thick layer of light that only abstracted his features further. Blooming his colours vividly, thickly encouraging and brightening them until they seemed to disobey the light entirely, pulling him in and out of focus. As a thick, rouge outline coated his entire body, following him like a living shadow. Shifting the entire perspective completely as his body continued to toon, further removing him from that former, pesky humanity.

He was a sinner! Forever tormented on hellish laurels, forever championed as the flaming hot face of the pentagram. Every part of him perfect, the public swooning over every inch of his gorgeous looks. He remembered a troubling voice, words soaked in soured mirth, endlessly lauding and lusting for him, labelling him as nothing more than a prissy little twink.

A thick thunderstorm of swirling moments clouded his thoughts, augmenting his gender, replacing his formerly androgynous self with a burgeoning masculinity.

Accented with his unabashed persona, drag queen, pornstar, sex worker, sloppy seconds.

Whatever label he was affixed with, it was all *his* persona. One he was more than happy to own, above everything else. Reclaiming it behind the steel curtain from which his bosses ruled. Above all else.

He was **Angel Dust**!

Reality seemed to refocus itself, coming back into clear view as Angel sat comfortably in front of the bar, totally enveloped in his own personal world, overrun by a nameless, hellenic corruption. The eyes of his human host were recoloured, irises dyed into that same, brightly light pink that he was signature known for. Anthie was still staring him down, curious as he glanced at his hands, watching little sparks of pink magic flicker and swirl from his fingertips.

“I should probably come over there before I end up breaking something, I don’t exactly want to be having to leave my entire wallet here if I end up breaking something expensive.”

Anthie murmured to herself, smirking as she looked over to who she knew as Artemis. “Maybe I could even try some of that?” She chuckled, about to lift the barrier that segregated the bartop from the workstation that was positioned behind it.

“Nah, I think you’ll be good! I wouldn’t worry about it too much, toots.”

“Toots?”

“Pff- Maybe I should call ya’ sugah! Since you’re so sweet~”

Shrugging it off as silly, mildly tipsy flirting. She played along.

“Oh yeah? Maybe I could call you… uh… Angel? Yeah! Since there’s those wing thingies on your beret.”

“Ooh! Interestin’...”

She then spotted something, that pink, glowing vignette around Artemis’ body, almost outlining them? As if their self was being reformatted with, tinkered with lightly by that strange supernatural glow. Stepping over to meet her partner, she took the stool next to them, pulling a glass of lemonade she’d poured a few moments ago from across the bar. It was like a swirling glow, as if they were wearing invisible fairy lights. Illuminating them, it definitely looked really pretty.

“Huuuun, what’s this?”

“Hmmmm~?”

“The little sparkly thingies.”

“Ohh, those! Hehe, thought ya’ might ask.”

Angel chuckled, his own bombastic personality mingling with the scrambled fragments of Artemis that still remained. Still present and loving as they’d always been. Biting his lip, he gave an alluring look, as if he was a magician, moments away from pulling something magical from his sleeve. He turned to face Anthie, directly locking his eyes with hers. Still grinning, he placed his hand out, offering it to her.

“Oh?”

“It’s a surprise!”

He exclaimed brightly with jazz hands, before placing his hand out again. Wincing in anticipation as Anthie took it. A near-blinding, glowing shot of light erupted from those swirling wisps of pink, swishing and swooping as they each merged into Artie’s form, filling their entire silhouette with that same light, obscuring it in an ephemeral haze. Shocked, though mostly curious, Anthie squinted, trying to make out their partner’s shape, watching intently as it seemed to change? Morphing, warping, *growing* taller as their height seemed to shoot wildly above Anthie’s. Speechless, she strived to look closer, watching what looked to be, limbs? New limbs, growing out from their sides, perfectly poised, as if they’d always had them.

Curiously, none of it seemed to be a change, or a deviation from Artemis’ original self. The hellish, red-tinted magic only seemed to imply the inverse. With Artemis’ features being faded out, as if lifting a facade, a stage curtain, revealing the true persona that was remaining within. One that was covered in bright, white fur, his exaggerated proportions proving him as a formidable, attractive performer in the serendipitous trenches of Hell’s pentagram, a star like no other. Each neon pulse of blushing pink glow only seeming to discard more and more of the former human’s features. Only leaving the sinner that lay truly within. She felt the sensation of their grip change in her hand, almost instantaneously, replacing human skin with the thick, radiant latex of a pink glove, twinning with their faux eyes.

Anthie only seemed to blink, but in that blink of an eye. She went from seeing Artemis, to seeing a towering, impossibly tall spider demon, almost eight feet, armed to the fangs with an undoubtedly fabulous outfit, a plastic royalty. Angel Dust.

“Heya! Told ya’ it was a surprise!”

“I…”

“Hehe, one *hell* of a surprise at least.”

“What the… Angel Dust? Like, *the* Angel Dust?”

“In the flesh!”

Angel’s magic continued to seep out from his glove, coating Anthie’s sleeve. She looked down, watching as the thick fabric of her hoodie changed, the red colour completely vanishing, turning into a deep, brooding black that merged with her arm, fluffing up into fur, reaching over to her hand. Her palms swelled, filled with that corruptive, indulgent energy as the skin softened into simpler, plush paw-pads. Both paws were shaped into the teasing shape of a heart, as her usually pale skin lightened into a lush, decadent gold, sparkling as it reached up to her fingers, transfiguring her digits into slender, dextrous claws, bright and pearly white at their tips. The changes reached up to her forearm, corruption still pouring over her body as the rest of her sleeve changed, tightening around her arm until it was nothing but more of that thick, tobacco coloured fluff.

“Wh-... wha?”

“Hehe… ya surprise ain’t done yet, *whiskers*~”

Anthie’s hoodie seemed to vanish. Melting into her chest as a large, circular patch of white fur paired with the black, lush in contrast, changing her physique. Her breasts flattened into nothing, reduced to nothing but fur, forming as a thick fluff of it jutted out. As her fur continued to groom itself, Anthie watched a pair of black, button-like marks colour themselves like buttons above her stomach, underneath the blood red bowtie that had fixed itself to her neck. The changes had almost managed to claim her head, reaching up as Anthie felt her dazzled, murmuring little pleadings for information change. Changing from her light, untrained Welsh accent into a deep, resonant tone. Baritone in every sense of the word, shifting into that suave, dominant voice, unmatching with Anthie’s meek, slightly submissive pleas to the demon that stood above her.

“Ughh- fuck, my head…”

She muttered, deep and raspy as she felt one of her paws, still tightly, though affectionately kept in Angel’s grasp. She reached upwards with her other paw, coating her cheek in cerise fuzz, feeling her face as it was shaped, overgrown with fur. Anthie felt her face press out, pushing into a feline muzzle. A small, adorably heart-shaped nose forming at the tip. Coupled as her mouth changed into a formidable gnaw of fangs. Her teeth became pointed, almost razor-like, sticking out

of her mouth in that hazy, strange glaze of yellow. Her eyes dimmed into two black, brooding pearls, her sclera as dark as midnight, as her irises sparkled into that same shade of gold, matching with her paws, matching with her teeth.

Ears tingling, she felt them being pulled, tugged by an invisible hand, growing out until they were wide and triangular, perfectly accustomed to her new anthro body. Sensation returned to them immediately as they migrated from the sides of her face tot the top of her head, the fur styled into another motif of the heart, loving intricacy. The black fur that covered her face dipped at her forehead, near the two love shaped marks that were positioned next to her eyebrows, now fuzzy and red, streaks of black running through them. Her face was covered in a heart smattering of that pearly white fluff, almost paired with Angel's.

Warmth pulsated through Anthie, vivid and constant. Like a second heartbeat that coated her in its embrace. Letting rough, muttering murmurs escape underneath her breath. Why was this so euphoric? Why did it feel so right? She almost struggled in Angel's grip, almost making a half-attempt to escape, to get away, to somehow prevent this strange, deeply loving inevitable. Her cheeks were burning red, somehow blushing underneath all of that fur. It felt so good, being held by his Angel, just sinking deeper and deeper into his touch. He felt Angel's hand move, his glove feeling up against his shoulder, gently and lovingly massaging his fluff, getting a feel of his whiskers. Anthie squirmed, smirking again as he felt his senses awash in that warmth, that pleasure. Little moans drifted alongside her slowing, but still disparaging words, clinging on to whatever fragments of herself she felt that she needed to. A stray thought sliced through her mind, why all the nerves? Why was she so hesitant? She wasn't hating this, she didn't feel scared. Was there a need to hold on? Or would it be better to sin, to sink into this ever so affectionate damnation.

"Awww, don't ya know just how cute ya are? All silly an' blushing for me~"

Anthie looked down again, her skirt had vanished, replaced with a set of black trousers, loosely accessorised with a pair of golden buttons, fixed tightly to the suspenders that were clinging to her shoulders. She felt something on her crotch brush against them, bulging erect, portraying her feelings, deeply sinking into this new identity. Feeling that little tingling feeling, whiskers sprouting up at the sides of her face, sensitive and astute, affirming her species as a cat demon. Her legs grew, strengthening with a sort of muscle, the feeling like an endless, soul-caressing massage, bleeding corruption, making her shorter until the light reached her feet, letting them burst and rip her sneakers to nothing, exposing her new footpaws, skin blanketed with smooth, snow-white fur.

"Doesn't it feel *good?* Just giving in, loving, *adoring* every second of this." Angel teased, knowing how much he loved hearing it. Wings sprouted from Anthie's back, twitching and fluttering, flustered as the feathers emerged blank, the colour

shifting and changing a few times, maturing, until they settled on red. The undersides were decorated with black stripes, dotted with red and white markings, lifted straight from the roulette wheel. He *had* been an overlord after all! A thick, darker-tauper coloured the lower end of his feathers, as the outsides of his feathers were met with another helping of stripes, finished with a row of white dots.

The last of physical changes came in the form of his tail, bursting out from above his butt, covered in that same fur, joined with a set of vivid red feathers, matching perfectly with his wings. That transformative light seemed to finally recede, giving way to a simmering, slowing pulse of glow. Finishing Husk's bodily transformation.

"What the… hell?"

"Suprise!"

He sputtered, trying to catch his breath, feeling that voice rumble in his throat. Looking up, he only saw Angel's sparkling, adoring eyes, smiling with an utmost warmth. Bringing his glove back, he snapped his fingers, sending another swirling beam of light, this time twisting, turning in a figure eight. Rocketing around the pair, as the empty pub around them seemed to fade away. Becoming replaced with the dank, blood-soaked carpets of an almost derelict hotel. The lighting was dim, smooth and golden, fuzzing and fluorescent in appearance, while still as fragile as candlelight. A swinging, booming anthem from an era long gone by, the jittering ensemble sound of a foxtrot, washing away this world, fading into the next.

Husk's memories started to wane, fixating a scrambled gender, focusing it on the snooty, hardened cat he was. A damn sinner! He clinged at his head, remembering Hell's ambience, the hustle and bustle of the different shapes that'd hustle and bustle about the place. Some would've sold their souls, quite literally to whatever corp would drip feed them with enough hope and magic to keep going. Some would've relegated themselves to a near-primal calling, fighting over simple turf, trying to claim what they could. Husk remembered it for himself, often avoiding it. Scraping together his own breed of empire, where the only rules were set by the spin of a roulette wheel, brimming with booze, music drifting off into a deep oblivion, all held in his paws. Until he lost it all. Remembering the feeling, feeling that chain link itself around his very soul, erasing the person that'd belonged to it before, wiping the slate clean.

The pair found themselves right back where they'd started. With Husk standing behind the bar, and Angel sitting in front of it. The former was tired, sulking slightly, bickering at his friend, squirming inside the word. The latter was relaxed, chuckling and chatting away, sipping at the silky smooth atmosphere, underneath the golden hotel light, beating down like a setting sun. They were talking, chatting to each other about something, Charlie had long locked up for the day. And as she retired to bed with her Vaggie. The losers got to spend some quality time with each other.

PART 2:

“Whaddya want Angel, just comin' to sit at the bar? Again? Or are ya *actually* gonna ask for a damn drink this time.”

“D'aawwww~ Poor lil' me can't even sit at the bar and chillax?
How mean of ya, Whiskers!”

“Yeeeep! I’m jus' one big ol' meanie. Though it's not like I'm *asking* ya' to go. Jus' keep ya damn pig off the bar!
And by the way-.. if you're *gonna* stare... then make it subtle~

…

Or uhh- don't, I've got your usual, anyway.”

“And~... as if yain't starin' yerself! So look who's talkin'!
Talk about "subtle" when ya stop starin' too~”

“Pff- uhh.. well! Err-
It's kinda hard to concentrate when I've someone like you gawkin' at me all the time!”

“Ya even remembered my usual! How *sweeeeet* of ya, Husky!”

“Can it, Legs~”

“Tsk tsk~ And ya claim ya don't get all rosy and blushy when yer drunk, eh?”

“Uhh yeah? And I err- don't! You've seen me drunk…
What, ya think I've got somethin' to blush about?”

“Pfft~ Mmmmaybe not yet…
But keep drinkin' and I'll *give* ya somethin' to blush about. *Whiskers~”*

“Suuuure, sure~... .. *hic!*
Anyhows, uhh… How's ya day been… *Legs~?*
Been boring as *shit* here…
Charlie's been talkin' about these damn trust exercises all day…”

“As borin' as usual, duh! Gettin' more interestin' by the minute now that ya've asked though, that's for sure~

…

What's *wrooooong*? Did ya miss me already~? Poor lil' *kitty* bartender feelin' lonely~?”

“Hehe, maybe I did~!
You've *aaalways* got a sweet word or two for me, Legs.
Even when you've got nuthin' to say to anyone else…

And I'm meant to be the *looooonely* kitty bartender~? “

“So what if I *did* miss ya, eh?
Come on~ I got sweet words for *everyone*, sugah~ Don't let it get to ya~

Don't think I don't notice how ya pour my drinks stronger than anyone else's~
Guess we *both* have our lil' soft spots, eh, *Whiskers?*”

“Would be a sweet damn’ shame to keep 'em watered down for our *star* guest, wouldn't you agree?

And don't think I don' notice, you've *aaalways* got ya gloves on me, *Legs*~
Always teasin'. Always smug an' always damn’ clever like that…”

“Well, I certainly ain't complainin'~

And come on now, *Whiskers*, clearly yain't tryna stop it~
Dare i say, ya even enjoy it, maybe? Hmmm?”

“Whh-... Damn you! Heh.
And dare I say that I *do* enjoy it~

Damn, Angel? Ya’ve hardly touched your drink…
Unless you figure you’re lookin' for somethin’ else?”

“Hah, *touché*.
I'll chug it down later~ Too busy enjoyin' my view right now!
Besiiiides... Feels like ya barely been drinkin' too! Ya usually have *waaay* more, no?”

“Mmm, maybe I wanna keep a clear head?
Glad t' hear you're enjoyin' the view!”

“I'd wanna argue mine's a hell of a lot better though!
Good fuckin' thing I'm meant to be closin', don't think Charlie'd appreciate me sitting on the damn bar, watching you shoot the shit n' all.”

“Oh I'm enjoyin' the view alright~ I'd argue mine is the best in all of hell, even.

Especially now that ya've got nowhere to hide!
Now that yer no longer behind that bar of yours…
So *don't* go gettin' all shy on me now~”

“And c'mon! Don't go worryin' yer fluffy lil' head about her! What she don't know can't hurt her, amirite? Not like she can do much 'bout it but tell ya off anyways~”

“Damn it, uh… Err, Legs?”

I hardly notice that I'm already humouring him, my paw gently reaching up, comfortably sitting on his arm. He seemed to only jest, but it wasn't hard to realise how much he was adoring the genuine affection.

“*My, my*~ Hands on the merchandise? That'll cost ya extra, y'know~?”

Gotta say, yer startin' to get a bit rosy on the cheeks there, *Whiskers*~
So much for not havin' somethin' to blush about, eh?

“And, ya look like yer boutta say somethin', or even *do* somethin' risky!
So go on. I'm waitin’~”

I think of saying something, maybe pushing just a little more, dipping just a little deeper, testing a little more of the water. But I think better of it. Looking down once more, I see the bottle I'm nestling in between my legs, about half-filled still, my pace had slipped. With my paw still at your face, I pick it up with my other, placing it down and firmly away from the bar.

I look back up, seeing that teasing glimmer still firmly flickering in your eye, stirring above your irises, the sparkling touches of change still evident, notations from a world gone by. I grin loosely, a feline fang pointed out amidst my sooty eyes.

The little hearts embedded and coloured into my fur seem to look a little redder than they had before. Gently, slowly, carefully. I bring my other paw to your face, gently holding it. Feeling your weight shift as warmth filled my paws, I watched a little unrest flicker in your gaze, a veil-like facade being lifted.

You close your eyes, dim yellow and midnight grey replaced by the soft pink of your eyelids, perfectly kempt, as it always had. Stepping with you, almost in dance. I close mine. Moving aimlessly, but purposefully forward. I feel as my muzzle meets the fluff-kissed point on your face. Impossible warmth, hotter than any ounce of brimstone.

Warmer than the cold touch of hell.

Locked together in elegant, endless motion, we kissed. A long, encumbered ember finally rendered as flame. I felt your second pair of arms wrap around me, gently holding my sides as you leaned in, putting us both together, no doubt or awkward glances holding us apart, just a simple, endless moment.

Two wayward souls finally free of contempt, a spark of burning redemption flickered with this new love. Warm, infectious blush filled both of our faces.

The lights of the hotel seemed to hold still, becoming a simple, radiant glow that peeked from above, golden light reflecting off of our fur.

Soot meeting cloud. Beautiful sin, more powerful than any drug, more intoxicating than any booze. Feeling your shiny, comforting gloves as they met my worn, tired fur in their numbers. Pure, hellish adoration for one another~

“Hehe, thinkin' of it, ya never finished your cocktail.”

“I *did* say I would drink it later~ guess later means right now! Cheers Husky~”

“Charlie's prolly got some crazy magic ice cube bullshit goin' on, cuz it still looks good to drink. Heh, looks like you *both* have somethin' in common.”

“Ya could make 10 o' these and it'd still be good to drink tomorrow! Also, yain't slick!"

“I can't let ya' do *all* the flirting, you'll never get a sip in if ya' do!”

“Ya make a good point, but don't think I won't get ya back aftah this…”

“Wouldn't *dream* of it, Legs~”

“Sure ya wouldn’t!~”

I watched him lean over from where he was standing, ruffling my hair gently. His touch is warm, tender, undying and sincere. He was silly, but he was adorable as fuck nevertheless. Whiskers.

“And *that's* the tax for leanin' over the bar!
I'd give ya a cheek kiss or somethin’ but you're too damn tall.”

“Well, that's too bad now, eh?”

Smirking in my own way, I managed to slightly hide the blush that was burning from underneath my fur. I almost coddled him, my limbs finding their way around his shoulders as I held him dearly, watching as he waited eagerly. His eyes were closed,

staring off into an endless oblivion as he trusted me, above all else, he trusted me. I placed my lips against his, leaning down, almost as if I was proposing! Heh. I felt warmth bloom across his cheeks, flustered, roused, that bright, gorgeously freeing love. Like nothing either of us had truly felt before.

“Hehe, I don’t think that’ll ever get old.”

“You're so damn adorable, y'know that?”
“Cuz I don't think ya do, even with all the talk you put up~”

Flustered still, blushing love marked across my lips. I pressed my own against his glove, feeling that soft, satiny material brush against my senses, imaging the feeling of fur underneath, reeling from the rush of that first initial worship.

“Cheers, Angel~”

“D'awwwwww.... Yer makin' me blush!
And of *course* I know I'm adorable~
C'mon now, whatcha take me for? A *loser, baby?*”

I lightly cupped his cheek, watching as his tail wagged in pure, unbelievable excitement. It was adorable, watching him drop the pretense, a lighter, slightly truer version of that tough, barman kitty persona. No liquid courage required!

“Cheers to ya too, Husky~”

“Aww, hehe!

Uhh…

…I've been left som' sorta memo? Looks kinda like Charlie's handwriting.

‘Dear Husk, thank you for bar-tending tonight.’

Yep, Charlie.

‘Me and Vaggie are gonna be late coming back. Buuuuut also you get the day off tomorrow!!! But also sorry because your room has exploded!!!!! Don't check, but it's exploded and the door is locked.’

And... there's a drawing of an explosion, huh.

‘Again!!! Don't check!!! Also everyone else's rooms are full except for Angel's. Also tell Angel we've upgraded their bed to a double!!! Love you!!! And we both also love

Angel. They're super cool!! Bye!!!

Also make sure to tell Angel you love them at least twice a day!! It's the law. Bye again for real!! -Charlie'

Uh… Ya getting any of this? I'll just sleep on the sofa over there…"

"Well c'mon now… ya saw the memo~ The bed's been upgraded!

Would be *such* a shame if lil' ol' Husky had t'sleep on a sofa while I get all the bed for myself~ What'd I say earlier? Don't go gettin' all shy on me now~

Ya better get yer ass over to the bed later!

Cuz if *yain't* doin' it…

…Then I'm draggin yer grumpy ass over there myself~!"

"I'm so damn' tiiiired~! Can ya just drag me by my arms? Hehe.
And who are ya callin' grumpy? Wise-ass.

Better yet, can you just use your damn strength to carry me? Your "little kitty bartender," heh. Fancy that, Legs~?"

"Well, that'd be quite the sight t'see, eh~? Would be suuuuch a shame if... say…"

Leaning forward, I reach for you from across the bar and to lift you up in the air with four arms.

"Yoink!~"

"Wh- Aah!"

I feel the warm grip of gloves against my suit as I'm hoisted up, watching as you carefully brought me over the bar top, and gently against your chest, held comfortably and closely to you.

"Uhh.. it err, worked? You're stronger than you look, damn!"

I trail off, watching your face tower over me. I feel a deep, burning wave of blush colour my fur, so comfortable and tender in your arms, my paws brush gently against your fluff, a paw gently brushing across your chest fur~...

“It's a uh, pretty fuckin' gorgeous view from here~”

“Heh, look who's gettin' all flustered~”

A grin is plastered on my face as I look down towards you, a third pair of arms protracting from my sides so I could pat you in the head with a hand.

“Don't underestimate me, *Whiskers*~ Ya've noooo clue what this bod could do~”

I start walking away from the bar and towards the rooms.

“I'm sure you'll get used to it~ You'll be seein' more later when I'm also goin'ta bed!”

My eyes widened! Taken quite vividly aback by your words, and how... confident you sounded?

“Wh- Angel~! Damn flirt~”

Blush spreads across my face as I look up at your grin, a smug, suggestive grin that was affixed across your face, a repeated facade that felt much more genuine this time around, compared to the many, many times before.

“I uhh-.. look forward to seein' it?
I'm uh, no good usually when it comes to the whole sharin' a bed thing, heh.
But I'm uh, excited~? Hehe.”

I sink gently into your grasp, everything a pure, soft, unbelievable warmth as you placed my face against your fluff, a comfort I wished would never end, feeling your voice reverberate through your chest.

“Mhmmm, ‘Excited’ eh~?”

The grin plastered on my face widens ever so slightly...

“Listen to yerself, actin' all soft and cuddly in my arms~

Who knew the grumpy ol' bartender was a big softy~? And hey, I ain't usually good at the sharin' thing either, outside of actin', of course.”

I glance down at you.
The smug, confident smirk softened slightly into a more genuine smile.

“Now stop bein' so damn cute or I might trip on sumthin' carryin' yer fluffy ass~”

I nod gently, pure, affectionate smug coating my voice, warm as we locked eyes.

“*Me* being cute? Look who's damn' talkin', *Legs*~”

I close my eyes slightly, settling into this comfort.

“An' you ain't slick either! Hehe, who'd thought that behind all those shiny layers, the damn fancy, glammed up film star of hell would be such a gorgeous fuckin' sweetheart~”

“Hah~ touché~”

*We arrive at my- though, temporarily **our** room.*

The moment the door opens, the sweet, citrus-y scent of perfume...?
Immediately blows itself out the door.

“Mind the fragrance… and the lights~”

The wallpaper is striped with two equally desaturated pink & purple hues and the carpet is all around a hot fuschia, but the bright neon lights across the wall resembling spider webs make the place look a lot more vibrant than it should be. Within the back of the room is a bed- not my usual one though, it was fuckin' huge compared to my previous one, and had even MORE pillows than before, each one fluffy in their own right~

I'll be damned, she wasn't kiddin' bout upgradin' my bed to a double. where the fuck did she even find a bigger sheet?

I walk across the room and lay you gently down on the soft cushion of the newly upsized bed.

"Thank you for flying Angel Airlines!
Hope ya had a fun experience and a **lovely** view~"

I say with a teasing chuckle and some finger guns.

The bed was soft, aaaalmost as soft as their fluff.

A sea of pillows and plushies decorated the frame, delicately handled and decorated by a certain Charlie! Angel smiled softly, with that same gorgeous expression. They nodded gently, sitting down at their desk? It was kitted out with a PC, a few monitors, and a drawing tablet! Where they were drawing some sort of character? My eyes fell shut, though at the sound of the pen scratching against the plastic, I blinked one open.

"Are you ever gonna give yourself a break? Or are you gonna come and try your,,er,, our! Our new fancy kickass bed.

Though I will say that 'Angel Airlines' was pretty fuckin' sweet~. Was fun gettin' to be a part of the mile-high club for a lil bit."

With a wink, I laugh gently to myself, speaking slowly as I watch you in the corner. I hang my waistcoat on a peg near the door, next to a huge wardrobe that you'd been moderating, filled with a variety of fabulous outfits.

Placing my hat and bow-tie on the bedside table, I gently settled underneath the covers, finding a pillow or four to sink into.

I laugh at the joke before letting out a yawn as I finish up the sketch that was currently open.

“Oooh, well I might have to take ya up on that offer~ I could always finish up this drawin' tomorrow~”

I stand up from my comfy chair as I lay the pen down on the desk.

“Now, usually I got an entire night routine to go through, but tonight..? Maybe I'll stay in my comfy clothes, lie down on this comfy lookin' bed next to a comfy lookin' Husky~”

I peek out from the covers, an ambient, buzzing sensation of blush crossing my muzzle vividly as I look at you, your smile filling the room with bright, dazzling stars. I purr slightly.

“It's like sleepin' on a damn dream, no wonder you always look amazing, I don't think there's even a wrong side to wake on! Even better when I've got a huge-ass pillow like you to cozy up to~”

Chuckling, I roll over slightly, coming closer to you as I lay on my side, eyes meeting yours as you gently settle yourself, the covers warm and endlessly cozy.

Sharing the bed with such an inviting, wonderful soul made the bed feel instantly familiar. As if I'd never, ever left it~ I look up, and you're asleep. Having drifted off almost instantly, the room fell silent.

The only noise being the gentle sound of you drawing breath, a pulsating, repeated warmth that lapped at my fur.

“Aww, dam’ sleeping beauty they are. Adorable…”

I say as a tiny, passing whisper, kissing you gently on your cheek, a small smile spreading across your face. Amidst your sleep, an arm retracted from your side, instinctual as you gently wrapped it around me, holding me closer to you, warmth filling the both of us intimately. Purring, I smile giddily, incredulous at this beautiful scene.

“G'night Angel. Sweet dreams for ya…”

Warm still, I felt my eyes drawing heavy. The night seeped in for the both of us as I felt mine close, the distant thumping of your heart filling my ears.

While love silently completed the rest.

[End <3]